

Wish I Knew You by yamsy (orphan_account)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, F/M, Light Angst, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, don't get too involved it won't be good, i don't really know how this will go

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

"Mike."

His eyes shot open as beads of sweat rolled down his face. "What the hell was that?" his voice was raw and barely audible.

Mike Wheeler is 17 years old and currently struggling to breathe. How do you breathe? Did he forget how to breathe? 3:15 a.m. his alarm clock read.

Or

Mike and El never met. Or did they?

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

this is mostly inspired by Come Back to Me by Booklover1217 which I LOVED SO MUCH GO READ IT PLS!!1! I'm still not sure how this will play out so dont expect something amazing ahaha.

November 7th, 1988

"Mike."

His eyes shot open as beads of sweat rolled down his face. "What the hell was that?" his voice was raw and barely audible.

Mike Wheeler is 17 years old and currently struggling to breathe. How do you breathe? Did he forget how to breathe? 3:15 a.m. his alarm clock read.

'You know those power lines?'

'Power lines?'

'Yeah. The ones behind my house?'

'Yes.'

'Meet us there, after school. 3:15.' The boy said taking off his watch and carefully wrapping it around the girls wrist. 'When the numbers read three-one-five, meet us there.'

Mike's eyes frantically scanned his room, barely being able to see as his eyes were adjusting to the ceaseless darkness, until they landed on his old watch. There were voices in his room, in his head, he couldn't really tell where they were coming from but the longer he stared at the watch, the louder they got, the more sickening the sinking feeling in his stomach seemed to get. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out whatever was trying to suck him into the nauseating, whirlwind of voices that he couldn't seem to pin point. The harder he tried to concentrate on who's they were, the faster the

bile rose up his throat until-

The blazing sunlight that filtered through his shitty blinds brought him back to reality. He squinted at his alarm clock once more. 7:30 a.m.

He must've fallen asleep last night. He held his head as if the world would stop spinning if he held it in place. What happened last night? Or.. this morning. Wait.

7:31 a.m.

Fuck.

He was late for school.

Mike scrambled out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom to get ready.

-

"Is he sick?" Lucas whispered as his monotone history teacher droned on about god knows what.

"Probably, or he slept through his alarm" Will responded.

"Hey, Dustin-" Lucas started until he turned to see the curly haired boy dozing off next to him. Luckily they were all in the same homeroom. The only disadvantage was that it was the most boring class they all took this year.

Lucas rolled his eyes and glanced at the clock. 7:45

-

Mike halted abruptly in his parking spot and winced at his tires screeched against the pavement. He checked the time. 7:49. He hadn't missed *all* of first period. He clambered out of his car, slung his back pack over his shoulder, and made his way into Hawkins High School. His mom was going to be so pissed.

Mike quickly grabbed his history books out of his back pack as he

hastily navigated through the hallways paying no mind to the girl who was heading straight towards him-

"Oof!" Their papers flew into the air like when you throw a stone into a flock of birds eating shit off the ground and they fly all over the place, all wings and feathers.

"Oh my god I'm sorr-"

"I'm so sor-"

They stared at each other.

Pretty. It was the first word that popped into Mike's head when he first looked into her big brown eyes. He blushed at the thought.

"Hey, I'm uh, I'm sorry about that" The girl laughed sheepishly.

Mike studied her features. Her short, honey brown curls. Her button nose.

She must've caught Mike staring because she continued, "I'm new here."

Mike snapped out of his daze. New? But.. she looked so familiar, "Oh, Welcome to Hawkins. I'm Mike, short for Michael."

Something flashed through her eyes. An emotion he couldn't quite put his finger on. But it went away as fast as it came.

"I'm Jane," She smiled. "But I go by El."

I'm Mike, short for Michael. Maybe we could call you El, short for Eleven.'

"What?" Mike looked down at El, confusion written on his forehead.

"I go by El." She repeated steadily with a cocked eyebrow.

Mike looked around the hallway. What the fuck. "Oh," He said quietly.

RRIIIINNNGGG

Both of their heads snapped up.

Well *now* Mike missed first period.

2. Chapter Two

Notes for the Chapter:

Ok first off let me apologize before you even read this. ITS SUCH A MESS AND IT'S SO BAD UGH. I had so many ideas for it but i couldn't figure out how to write them in or what to do with them so it came out like this. ;-; so.. enjoy?

November 7th, 1988

'El where are you?!'

It's not like she hasn't heard them before, the voices. Or more like the voice. It's usually only one. A boy. Young. She didn't know exactly when they started. 3 or 4 years ago probably. In the beginning they were faint and quite. Whispers that barely grazed her ears. But as time went on they got louder. She eventually told Hop about them. He brushed them off, saying they were all in her head but she's known him long enough to know that he's lying.

She checked the clock.

3:15 a.m.

She should try to go back to sleep. She has to get up in two hours.

'When the numbers read three-one-five, meet us there.'

A tear rolled down her cheek. She didn't know why.

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"Good morning," Hopper greeted her as she walked out of her room.

"G'mornin," She grumbled as she opened the freezer and took out the box of eggos.

Hopper eyed her suspiciously. She was usually the morning person of the house. Always up and ready before he even opened his eyes.

El popped her eggos into the toaster then turned to look Hopper dead in the eye, "Is there something on my face? Because I don't know what could *possibly* be so interesting."

She didn't really know why she was so cranky. Usually when the voice kept her up at ungodly hours of the night it didn't affect her personality, which was always warm and pleasant. But today seemed different. Something was off. It wasn't off in a bad way though. It was like something clicked into place, or something's *almost* clicked into place. Like the split second between jumping off the unstable, shaky platform and landing on the safe and secure one. But if this was the case, why wasn't she happy? Happy about making it to the steady, anchored platform? Why was she so grouchy?

El has always been a curious girl, but some things she's learned not to bother with. She doesn't question the voices anymore. She's never questioned why they live in a cabin secluded from the rest of Hawkins. She's never questioned why Hopper insists on keeping the blinds drawn. She's never questioned why he literally *hides* her. And until this year, she's never questioned why she can't go to school. Why she isn't normal. She's watched T.V., she's seen countless soap operas. She's seen the nuclear family and she's always wondered why her life isn't as perfect as theirs. She's always wondered why she can't go shopping, or go to the pool, or go for walks. Why she can't drive. Why she couldn't *leave*. Why she doesn't have any friends, or a dog, or siblings, or a *mom*. Why she couldn't remember anything before the age of 14. Why the world had always seemed to be against her.

She always wonders.

But she never questions.

6:33 a.m.

She should get moving. She has to leave soon.

-

The car rides to school were always quiet and filled with "contemplation" as Hopper would say. It would give El some time to think or to plan how her day was going to go. El loved to learn and

one of her favorite things she's learned was metaphors. El had always had trouble finding words so comparing things to others was a much easier task for her to do. When El would think about her life she would compare it to a dangerously unsteady platform. Something that only had slim wooden beams as support and was already withering away due to time and poor care. While she sits on that platform she can see another one in the distance. Its stable and welcoming. Her life has been good the past few years, but it feels like she's stuck. Like she is frozen in between the jump from the old platform to the new one. Like she-

The sudden stop as Hopper pulled up into the school parking lot yanked her out of her thoughts.

7:15 a.m.

"See ya," El said as she hopped out of the car.

"Bye kid," Hopper responded, "Be safe, if anything happens-"

"Or someone tries to 'harass' me I'll call you. I *know*," She cut him off.

"Right," Hopper said, "Don't be-"

"Stupid," El finished and winked at him as she started walking into school.

Hopper waved and watched her disappear into the building before he drove off.

With a heavy sigh, El headed to her locker. Since it was only her second day of school, she still didn't know anyone. And quite frankly, the high school girls weren't too welcoming. Of course they were nice but you could feel the judgement in their stare. El was naturally pretty and could strike up a conversation with ease due to her sweet yet sarcastic tone and the sass that practically radiated off of her. That caused her to stand out to most of the popular girls but they were manipulative and El could sense it. So she kept her distance but she wasn't rude because she had an idea where that would take her.

She unloaded her backpack into her locker and gathered the things for her homeroom, which happened to be math. El loved math. It was

the subject that made the most sense to her because there was always an answer. El would solve math problems to keep her mind off things, sometimes if the voices were too loud. The bell rang signaling to start heading to homeroom.

She walked towards her classroom, going through her supplies to make sure she had everything. Composition notebook, check. Folder, check. Pencils, pens- wait.

Where was her schedule?

El quickly made her way back to her locker. Where did she put it? She shuffled through her backpack. Nothing. The bottom of her locker? Nope. She must've left it at home or in Hop's car or something. She'd have to get a new one from the office. She checked the time.

7:23

Math would have to wait.

-

God. She will never forget her schedule again. Those were the most boring 30 minutes of her life.

She stepped back out into the hall.

7:49

She didn't miss *all* of math. She quickly headed back to math class, studying her schedule in an attempt to memorize it. She wasn't paying attention as she turned the corner and-

"Oof!"

Her life almost went into slow motion as she watched her thirty-minutes-of-wasted-time fly out of her hands and mix with a bunch of other miscellaneous papers. She braced herself for butt-to-floor impact and prayed it wouldn't be sore for longer than a week. But it never came.

She opened her eyes and they immediately made contact with dark, captivating ones. She noticed his pale complexion and freckled nose. He was pretty. Suddenly her skin burned where he was holding her steady. She laughed sheepishly as her face reddened. "Hey, I'm uh, I'm sorry about that."

He quickly pulled his hands off her back but his eyes were roaming around her features.

"I'm new here." El said looking *up* at him.

Literally.

Wow.

He was tall.

The boy's nose scrunched up and his eyebrows furrowed at the mention of her being new. "Oh, Welcome to Hawkins. I'm Mike, short for Michael."

'I'm Mike, short for Michael. Maybe we could call you El, short for Eleven.'

Familiarity flooded her body from head to toe while the hair on the back of her neck stood up. She quickly shook it off. Yeah, sure. Like *he* could be the voice you're hearing. *That's* realistic.

But anyways, she waved off the fact that she wasn't actually new to Hawkins, just the high school, and continued, "I'm Jane, but I go by El." She said with a smile.

She could see his face blank for a second. It was quite obvious when he came back to reality considering the look of complete bewilderment that spread across his face.

"What?" He asked like it was the craziest thing he's ever heard.

"I go by El." She repeated herself, highly amused.

He looked around and she could see he was a little on edge.

"Oh," He said quietly but sent her a smile that made her feel all warm and mushy.

She smiled back and mentally congratulated herself when she saw the blush creep back onto his face.

RRIIIINNNGGG!

Both of their heads snapped up.

That was worth missing math.

Notes for the Chapter:

suggestions and requests are welcomed pls :')